I Am No Jesus

and other selected poems, tanka, and haiku by **ram krishna singh**

translated into crimean tatar by taner murat illustrated by alsou shikhova ildarovna

ram kírişna sink'níñ Men Isa tuwulman

saylangan manzumeler, tankalar, kaykuwlar

taner murat'nîñ kîrîm tatarğaga terğúmesinde alsuw şikova ildarovna'nîñ resimlemesinde



I Am No Jesus – Men Isa tuwulman A project developed by Nazar Look Attitude and Culture Journal of Crimean Tatars in Romania www.nazar-look.com

SE NOW SE

and other selected poems, tanka, and haiku edited and translated into crimean tatar by taner murat

illustrated by alsou shikhova ildarovna

Men tuwulman

Editura StudIS

adicenter@yahoo.com Iasi, Sos. Stefan cel Mare, nr.5

Tel./fax: 0232 – 217.754

Descrierea CIP a Bibliotecii Naționale a României SINGH, RAM KRISHNA

I Am No Jesus - Men Isa tuwulman / Colecție lirică în ediție bilingvă, engleză și tătară crimeană / Ram Krishna Singh. Vatra Dornei : StudIS, 2014

ISBN 978-606-624-562-3

© Copyright 2014 Ram Krishna Singh

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the written prior permission of the author.

ISBN-13: 9786066245623 ISBN-10: 6066245627

BISAC: Literary Collections / General

Illustration: © Copyright 2014 Shikhova Alsou Ildarovna

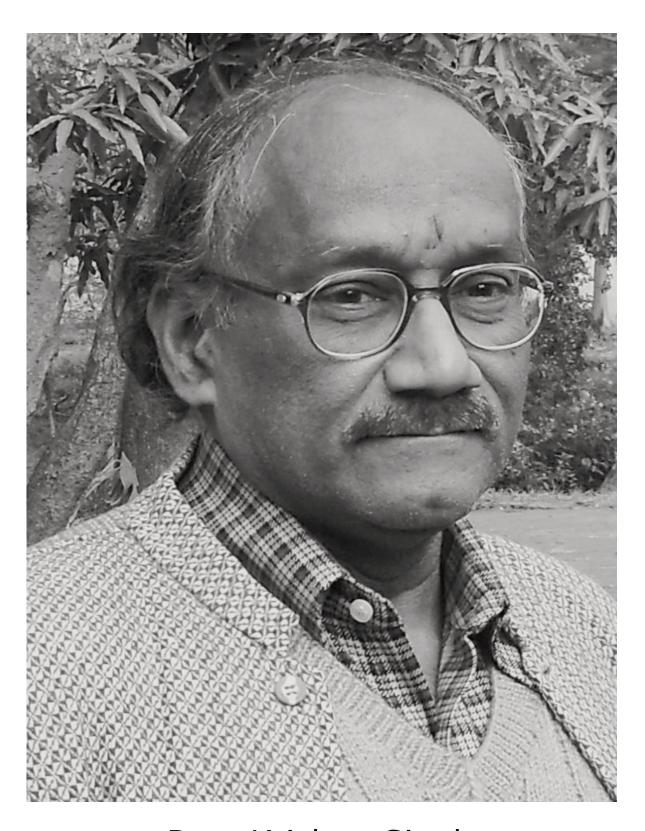
Photo: © Copyright 2014 Winny Singh

Cover design: Elif Abdul

Consilier editorial: Dranca Adrian Secretar editorial: Moroșanu Paul

> Pre-press, tipar digital și finisare: S.C. ADI CENTER SRL Şos. Ștefan ce Mare, nr. 5 Tel.: 217 754





Ram Krishna Singh

Jharkhand, India www.rksinghpoet.blogspot.in profrksingh@yahoo.com

Preface

Life is too real to be believed, yet we must keep dreaming and try to live with a resonance of what we think while we touch various levels of reality—political, social, personal, or spiritual—and be ourselves.

Genuine poetry happens as an event to be truthful, clear, courageous, and honest to oneself; to be open about things one often tries to conceal. Poetry provides an opportunity for expressing ones intimate moments with the same passion as while talking about the interwoven outer realities.

I also view it as the expression of cosmic, organic, erotic life, creating its own forms, expressing itself and, in being expressed, finds its voice.

My experience convinces me that we are not limited by what we are, but we are limited by what we are not. Poetry becomes a means to overcome this limitation, and thus, allows us not only to know ourselves but also to expand on what we are.

This means we should remain open to healthy revisions that we can make to our way of thinking, and incorporate new perspectives into our outlook. In other words, we should not let our own rigidity destroy our potential, but rather we should evince a forward-looking, tolerant, and open mindset if we wish to create future.

I don't know if my poetry fits in what I think at the moment, but poetry does help us traverse the boundaries of hesitation to see the joy of fulfillment.

I am grateful to my poet friend Taner Murat for not only readily agreeing to translate this collection into Crimean Tatar but also to publish it to support intercultural creativity .

R.K. Singh

Aldsóz

Yalandîr dúnya, lákin uşunnuñ siyasiy, maşeriy, şaksiy ya ruhiy gibí túrlí seviyeleríne baskanda bíz ózlígímízden bazgeşmeden túş kurup óz túşúnğelerímíz men barabar şîñlap yaşamalîzmîz.

Hakkikiy şiir tora, aşîk, ğesaretlí, óz-ózí men dogrî-dúrúst bolmak bír yaratuw olaydîr, sîk-sîk ğaşîrîlgan şiylerní aşîk-aşîk añlatmasîdîr. Şiir insannîñ íşíndekí anlarîn añlatkanda tîşînda tokîşkan olaylarîñ hewesí men añlatmasîn sîrasîn tanîr.

Men şiirní evren, kewde, súygí, yaşam ifadesí gibí kórermen, óz şekílníñ ifadesí gibí kórermen, bo şekílníñ yaratuw sîrasînda da bír seslenme gibí kórermen.

Ğelenímíz bízím bolganîmîz tuwuldur, bízím bolmaganîmîzdîr, boga teğrúbeme gúweníp inanîrman. Tízme bo ğelenní geşmek bír imkáandîr onîştan o hem ózímízní tanîmamîznî kolaylaştîrar, hem ózlígímízní keñiyter.

Bo hem túşúnğe tarzîmîznî sawlîklî deñíştírmelerge ázír tutmamîz kerek bolganîn aytar, hem de kóríşímízge ğañî noktayiy nazarlar eklemek kerekkenníñ añlamîna kelít. Başka bír sóz men, óz kuwetímízní óz sertlígímíz men ğok etmemelímíz, keleğekní yaratağak bolsak razîlîk man hoş kórúw kósteríp kollarîmîznî aşîk tutmalîmîz.

Koşîklarîm búgúngí túşúnğeleríme uyup-uymaganîna kefîl bolmam, lákin şiir toktamsîrawlarîmîznî geşíp emellerímízge ğetíşmemízge yardîmğîmîz bolîr.

Hem bo ğîyîntîknî Kîrîm Tatarğasîna terğúme etken, hem mamuriyet tílleşmemízge yardîmğî bolgan Tatar şayir arkadaşîma minettarman.

R. K. Sink

Dear Taylor and the second of the second o TO THE TO THE TO THE TO THE TO THE TOTAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPE 9

I. Selected Poems - Saylangan manzumeler

Merkaba

They say my birth was a heavenly event: here I am suffering third-rate villains that erect walls to stop the chariots from Merkaba: the angels fume but who cares heaven is a mirage in human zoo

New Year

The dates on calendar question all my undone acts

and memories that haunt or fade in nightly nakedness

stumbling toward the next day's sun without celebration

at 63 January jeers my degenerating sex

a still itch: mantra and mirror quiet god and drying petals

Nude Delight

The coiled divine renews eternity in the body's cells fed on sensuous sweetness and moment's littleness

for years fleshly reign seemed spirit's radiance in the deep pit now suddenly sparks the itch for heaven's nude delight

Merkebe

Mením tuwumum múbarek bír olay bolganîn aytalar:

mína şúndí Merkebe telegelerín toktatağak yúksek kalawlar kalagan úşúnğí sînîf yamanlarnîñ azaplarîn şegemen:

úşúnğí sînîf yamanlarnîñ azaplarîn şegemen: melekler tuman atar ama kímíñ íşíne kírsín? insaniy haywan bakşasînda ğennet bír seraptîr.

Ğañî yîl

Kúnsayîmda kúnler bútún yapîlmay kalgan işlerimni sorgîlar

keşe şîpalaklîgînda rengi agarîp ğoklap turgan akîlîmda kalganlarnî da

THE WALL OF THE WA

ertesí kún kúneşíne dogrî súrúnúp bayramlaşmadan

altmîş úş yaşînda Oşak ayî soysîzlaşkan ğinisimni maskara etip taşlay

hareketsíz bír kîşînuw: mantra man ayna sessíz tañrî man solgan şeşek yapraklarî

Şîpalak zewuk

Burumlî mewla kewdeníñ kózelerínde hem an tarlîgîna hem şehvaniy tatlîsîna peslengen ebediyetní tazeler

senelerdír ten húkúmí ruhnuñ nurî gibí edí deren şukurda şúndí bírden kîşîntî balkîldar ğennetíñ şîpalak zewukî úşún

Stranger

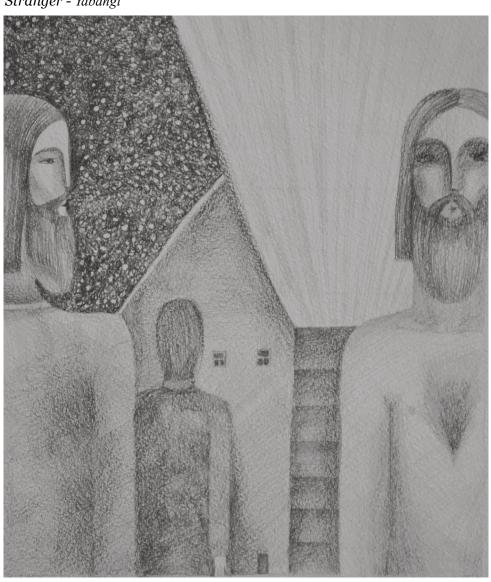
I don't know where I lived in my former existence but the hell I've breathed for three decades here couldn't adapt my soul: I remain a stranger to them and to the cold walls that put out the candle lights in my roofless house

Yabanğî

Eskí barlîgîmda ka-yerde yaşaganîmnî bilmem ama minda kîrk senedir işime tartkan ğehennem ruhumnî heş alîştîra-almadî: olar úşún, tóbesiz úyúmnúñ mayşîraklarîn sóndirgen salkîn duwarlarî úşún men bir yabanğî kalîrman

Stranger - Yabanğî

LEAST OF THE PROPERTY OF THE



Avalanche

Time's wrinkling fingers trivialize the sun and snow in a crooked land

I see history crippled with midnight dyspnoea the green umbrella

hosts disaster: the avalanche waits on its shoulder the wound opens

Gleam of Light

Late August: clouded midnight, sneezing restless in bed

all negative vibes well up the mind

jackals yell outside I read Hsu Chicheng for a gleam of light

Dying Sun

How does it matter I remember or forget the nights or lights that stand still

in the dense fog nothing visible nor audible

the thundering planes touch the ground:

it's all game of guess and vague everyone

golododododod

everything even the tick of the clock

Kar awmasî

Zamannîñ kîrîşîklî parmaklarî kîyîş bir memlekette kar man kúneşni aşalatîr.

sakatlangan tewúke kóremen yarîkeşede solîş tarlîgî man yeşíl şemsiye

felakettír: omîzînda kar awmasî beklep ğara aşîlîr

Ğîltîrîm

Awustos soñî: bulutlî keşe yarîsî, hapşıruwlar tóşekte kiyipsizlik

bútún bolîmsîz sílkínúwler akîlnî totîralar

tîşarda şógel-bóríler bakîrîşa bír ğîltîrîm úşún Kîsuw Çiy Çeñní okîyman

Ólgen kúneş

Akîlîmda tutsam da bir unutsam da bir hareketsiz kalgan keşelerní-ğarîklarnî

ğîygîn tumanîñ işinde ne birşiy kórilir ne de eşitilir

gúdúrdegen tayyareler ğerge tiyer:

sáde añlaşîlmaz bír tapmaşa oyînîdîr herkez

herşiy sáátíñ takîldamasî bírem this freezing hour redolent of crumbling echoes

I can't divine vision or loom up certainty to mock follies of dying sun

Shadow

Last evening I saw a flower bloom today it's faded

but my fear lurking like a shadow ever present

I can't erase: emptying the mind easier said than done

Poetic Disturbance

There's more to view in a dew drop than what lies in my backyard - years of muck and mucking about burial too difficult

in sunlight images shine like crystal ball reveal my mind in poetic disturbance leaking lust and blood on dried grass

Return to Wholeness

The body is precious a vehicle for awakening treat it with care, said Buddha

I love its stillness beauty and sanctity here and now

sink into its calm to hear the whispers in all its ebbs and flows bo toñgan sáat súresí parşalangan kaytawaz kokîsî taşîr

húliya kór-almayman şúphesízlíkke de píşím ber-almayman ólgen kúneşíñ şaşmalîgîn mîskîllamak úşún

Kólge

Geşen akşam aşkan bir şeşek kórdim búgún solgan

ama her zaman bír kóleke gibí añîlîp pîsuwda turgan korkîmnî

síle-alman: akîl boşaltmasî kolaydîr aytmasî, kîyîn yapîlmasî

Şiir raátsízlígí

Arka bakşamda tabîlganlardan fazladîr bir şiy tamlasînda kóríleğekler şóplíkke atîlgan seneler, senelerğe gezip tozmak, bek kîyîn ğenaze

kúneşte kóríntíler balkîldar kurî otka kînlama agîzdîrîp şiir raátsízlígí şekken túşúnğelerímní ortaga salgan billúr tobîday

Pítínlíkke kayt

Kewde kîymetlidir uyanuwga bir telege oga sak bol, dep aytkan Buda

şúndí mínda onîñ sessízlígínden gúzellígínden we múbareklígínden hoşlanaman

óz kabaruw man alşayuwlarnîñ pítín şîbîrdawlarîn eşítmege sabîrîna dalaman

erect, penetrate the edge of life and loss return to wholeness yúkselíp yaşam man kayîpnîñ kenarîna dalîp pítínlíkke kayt

Return to Wholeness - Pítínlíkke kayt



Who Cares?

Death hides in the body but who sees? it's obscure

living on the edge seeking space into swamp

they all talk about the sun

v v v v v v v

Kím dert etsín?

Ólím kewdeníñ íşínde ğaşînîr ama kím kórsín? íşí karañgî

yîkpalga asîlîp yaşamak bataklîkta kurî ğer karamaktîr

herkez kókyúzúnde şíşíp kabargan

swelling in the sky

and close eyes to the spider spinning waves on the ceiling

all alone, but who cares? suspicion and distance

like lovers they pretend to leave, yet stay longer

dishing out luxuries showing off generosity

on the heart's fancy table waiting to welcome the guest

I Am No Jesus

I am no Jesus but I can feel the pains of crucifixion

as a common man suffer all what he suffered play the same refrains—

at times cry and pray hope for better days ahead despite lack of love

diminishing strength failures, ennui and blames for sins I didn't author

I am no Jesus but I can smell the poison and smoke in the air

feel for humankind like him carry the cross and relive my dreams

I am no Jesus but I can feel the pain of crucifixion kúneşní lap etíp

tawanda egírílgen órímğek ğîlîmîñ dalgalarîna kóz ğumar

ğap-ğañgîzlîk, ama kim dert etsin? súphe men mesafe

yáreler gibí ayîrîşkan kíşí bolîrlar ama gene barabar kalîrlar

kaálbíñ húliyalî sîprasînda sápír beklep turganda

artkan mollîk, ğumartlîk kósteríp

Men Isa tuwulman

men İsa tuwulman ama mîklanuw ağîlarîn yaşarman

sîradan bir kişimen onîñ bútún şekkenlerin şegermen ğîrlagan nakaratîn ğîrlarman

bazîda-bir ğîlap duwalar okîrman eksilse de súygi keleğegimizde taa yakşî kúnlerge umut etermen

azaytîp kuwet bolsa da kayîp, ğan sîgîntîsî, ğúklense de kabaát bolmagan gúnama

men Isa tuwulman ama hawadakî zeher men tuman kokîsîn kokîlarman

insanlîk úşún onîñ atanak taşîwîn şegermen kórgen túşlerimni birtaa yaşarman

men Isa tuwulman ama mîklanuw ağîlarîn yaşarman



THE WEST OF THE WE

become de la virgina de la companya
z victoria victoria de la constanta de la cons

It Doesn't Rain

It's lightning every evening in the sky but it doesn't rain

I keep postponing my journey

whether the train is late or I miss it it doesn't matter

I look below the chasm is wide like the lightning but it doesn't rain

Valley of Self

I don't know which psalms to sing or which church to go to feel the flame within for a while

sit or lie still with faith weather the restlessness brewing breath by breath

I don't know the god or goddess or the mantra to chant when fear overtakes my being and makes me suffer

plateaus of nightmares paralyzing spirit to live and be the promised fulfillment

I see no savior come to rescue me when mired I seek freedom from myself:

my ordeals are mine alone in the valley of self I must learn to clear the clouds soaring high or low

Ğawmaz

Kók ğalkîldar her akşam ama ğawmaz

ğolîmnî sîltawlay beremen

tíren keşígíp kelse de kaşîrsam da dert tuwul

aşaga karasam ğar ğalkîldaw gibi geñiştir ama ğawmaz

Óz-ózímníñ şayîrînda

kaysî mezamirnî okîp ya kaysî kílsege barağagîmnî bilmem işindeki alewún yaşap

otîrîp ya uzanîp ğatîp inanş man solîş-solîşka raátsízlígíñ kaynamasîna karşî kelmege

kaysî tañrîga ya tañrîşaga tapînîp kaysî mantîranî okîyğagîmnî bilmem barlîgîmnî basîp korkî şektirgende

kara túşler kîrlarî yaşaw ruhum man oñma sózímní felşke tutturup

kelíp kurtarağak kurtaruwğî kóre-almayman batîp ózímden azatlanmaga karaganda:

şegişmelerim sáde maga kala óz-ózimniñ şayîrînda bulutlarnî aşmaga úyrenmem keregir aşada-yokarda taya-taya uşa-uşa

Valley of Self - Óz-ózímníñ şayîrînda



Allergies

The barber sees a potential customer in me but I pass

the tense faces after the long walk sunshine a fag in the car

short carnival: neatly hide faded vests drying in the balcony

helter skelter afternoon windy rain allergies again

None Talk

Flowers don't bloom in tribute to builders' apathy

the trees are dying: they too know they'll be felled or the heat will kill

the concrete rises calamity too will rise none talk the ruins they bring

I Can Live

I've outlived the winter's allergies and depressing rains in a human zoo

I can live my retirement too without pension and medicare:

the wheelchair doesn't frighten I can live

uncared and unknown survive broken home the numbness of the arms

Alerğiyalar

Berber mení iktimaliy bír múşterí kórer ama men katîndan geşíp ketermen

kergín yúzler uzun ğúrúşten soñra arabada ogîraşuw

kîska karnawal: balkonda sorkîp kurutulgan rengí sîkkan kazakalar ğaşîrmak

kîy-kaleket úyleawgansoñlar ğellí ğawunlar başka alerğiyalar

Lapîn etmezler

Seşekler bina otîrtkan işçiniñ dalgînlîgîna hasret bolîp aşmaz.

terekler ólír: kesílíp ya da ateşte óleğegín olar da bílírler

beton yúkselír felaket artar mîratkanlarîñ lapîn etmezler

Yaşarman

Tírí kalîp şîktîm artta bîrakîp kîşlarîñ alerğiyasîn hem bír insaniy haywanat bakşasînda góñíl karartuwğî ğawunlarîn

kartlîgîmnî da yaşarman tekmílğílík men sawlîk gúwenğem bolmasa da:

tegerşikli iskembe korkîtmaz dayanîrman

karalmadan-tanîlmadan tírí kaldîm atlap yuwa bîzîlmasîn ğansîz kuşaklawlarnî

the pain in the neck and inflation too

moyîn awurmasîn hem para kîymeti túşmesin

Heresy

My shrinking body even if I donate what's there for research:

devil in the spine abusing tongue in sleep or bleeding anus

defy all prayers on bed or in temple the same heresy

oozing and stinking onanist excursion dead or alive

Clay Dreams

They make my face ugly in my own sight

what shall I see in the mirror?

there is no beauty or holiness left in the naked nation:

the streams flow dark and the hinges of doors moan politics of corruption

I weep for its names and the faces they deface with clay dreams

Solitude

I don't seek the stone bowl Buddha used while here: She dwells on moon beams

I can see her smiling with wind-chiseled breast

t it it it it it it

Yalanğîlîk

Kîskargan kewdemní bagîşlasam da bílím ondan ne añlasîn?

omîrgamda şaytan yukumda awuz bîzgan tíl ya da koñk kanamasî

ğatakta-tapînakta kîlgan duwalarîm sayîlmadan hep şo yalanğîlîk

şamîrlap sasîp onanist gezúw ólí-tírí

Balşîk túşler

Óz yúzúmní ózíme şírkínleştíreler

aynada ne kóriyím?

kalgan heşbir güzellik ya da mübareklik yoktîr şîpalak millette:

ğîlgalar kara-kara agar kapîlarîñ baglamalarî da îñgîrdar ahláaksîz siyaset

onîñ atlarî úşún ğîlarman balşîk túşler men itibardan túşúrúlgen yúzí úşún

Ğañgîzlîk

Buda bo yaklarda ekende kullangan taş sawutnuñ peşínde tuwulman: o aynîñ nurlarînda yaşar

onîñ kúlúmsúremesín kóre-alaman ğel ğontkan kókíregí men

in sexless solitude

her light is not priced but gifted to enlighten the silver-linings

Waiting

I've lived 23,000 days awaiting a day that could become god's day in eden earth or within

or even my grandson's smile on his first day in mother's arms

now I sit an empty boat on a still river and shake with quail dreams

ğínsiyetsíz ğañgîzlîgînda

onîñ ğarîgîñ kîymetí píşílmez aydînlatuwğîdîr kúmúş kaplamasî

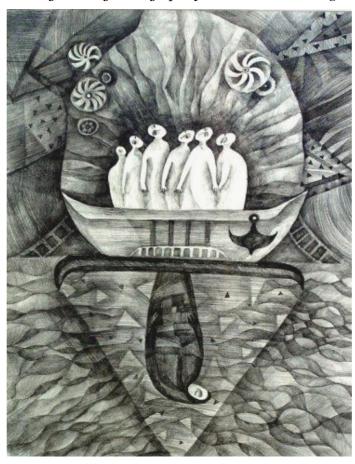
Beklew

Men 23.000 kún yaşadîm Aden bakşasînda Allahnîñ kúní hálíne keleğék kúnní beklep

ya da torînîmîñ kúlúmsúrewín siptí kúnúnde nenesin kuşagînda

şúndí akmagan bír ğîlgada boş bír kayîkta otîrîp bódene túşí men terbetílemen

Finding the way through purification – Paklanuw ğolî



Sangam

The crack in the sky is not the rosy cleavage to rape the body

nor is the beast any free to escape the bloody river that reflects stony wrath in doggy position

they all expect their reward for burying the noise of sunny free wheeling in frozen passion

turn beggars they all search warmth with ash-smeared sadhus at road side tea stall whistle and wash off sins

in sangam muddled with privileged few soar high but I'm glad I crawl on earth my roots don't wave in the air

Indifference?

Being good couldn't make me know any better

I was harmless they sold my name and became what I couldn't

in the middle of day light I vanished like faces from voters' list

with no difference to who wins or who loses

I Too Descend

Some fresh bones, and designer's dress distorted hopes, cataract vision

Sangam

Kókyúzúnde ğarîlma tuwul şo pembe tayîş kewde teğawuzî etmege

kuturgandelilikni kaytîmlap şakîltaşlî ğîlgadan kurtulgan it turuşunda wahşiy haywan da tuwul

hepísí bakşîş bekler kúneşsíz aylanuwlarnîñ dawuşlarîn toñgan hewesníñ íşíne kómgení úsún

tílenşí ğetíp alayîsî kúl súrmelí sadhuw rahiplerden sîğaklîk karar ğol kenarînda çaykanelerde şîjgîrîp gúnasîn boşatîp

sangam íşínde şaşîrîp bírkaş sayuwlî man yokarga sekíríp ama ğeryúzúnde súrúnúp ğúrgenímden razîman tamîrlarîm hawada ğelpíldemez

Baş awurtmamak?

Maga eñ yakîşkan yakşîlîk edí

men zararsîz edim olar menim atîmnî satîp bola-almaganîm boldîm

kún ğarîgîñ ortasînda yúzler saylaw tízmesínden ğok bolganday ğok boldîm

kazananga kaybetkenge baş awurtmadan

Men de túşermen

Bírkaş taze súyek, bír píşímğí entárí kîyîş umutlar, kóztumanlî kóríş

hardly any better the face of the body

and if there is a soul, the soul hears

the map guides the mind's midnight but the destination is different

deception is courage

they know the end of journey and get down when the train stops

I too descend

From the Window

Tall houses appear to grow like trees from the plane slowly rising high

people turn tiny with cars water birds and beasts in the summer flame

nervously worried watch the moving mass of clouds from the window

eternal patterns nature's wonder on the edge a streak of orange

thousands of lights twinkle in colors like stars seat belt fastened

Eyeless Jagannath

I can't understand their mystic heaven or thrills housed in awareness

time's intricacies or sources of plastic mist through mythical depths

the wings of my thought are too short to climb God's height or blue deeps of peace alayîsî kewdeniñ yúzí men zorlanîr

bír de tîn bolsa, tîn eşítír

ğolnî karta kósterer akîlnîñ yarîkeşesine lákin barîlağak yer başka

peşmanlîk ğesarettír

olar bílíp ğolnîñ soñîn túşerler tíren toktaganda

men de túşermen

Penğireden

Yawaş-yawaş yúkselgen tayyareden tereklíktiy ósíp ketken ónder úyler kórínír

yaz álewúnde maşinalar, kuşlar, haywanlar man insanlar kískene kalîr

kaárete-kaárete penğíreden hareketlí bulut súrúwúne karap kalaman

soñsîz nakîşlar zewuklî tuwa ğazibesí portakal renginde bir sîzîk

biñlerğe ğarîk renklí- renklí yîldîzday ğalpîldar, emniyet kemerim taguwlî

Sokîr Jaganat

Añlay-almayman bílínş íşínde yer algan olarîñ sîrlî ğennet ya orseñlerín

zamanîñ múrekkepligin ya efsaneli derenlikten suniykamîrlî tumannîñ şokragîn

túşúnğelerímníñ kanatlarî kîskadîr ne Tañrînîñ ónderlígíne barmaga yeter ne de engeníñ mawî derenlíkleríne

I stand on the edge of earth's physicality waiting on the brink

with shadowy lines and curves to image march of eyeless Jagannath

if nobody sees the collapse of procession and the dark precinct

don't blame the poets: there is too much emptiness and gloom to ignore

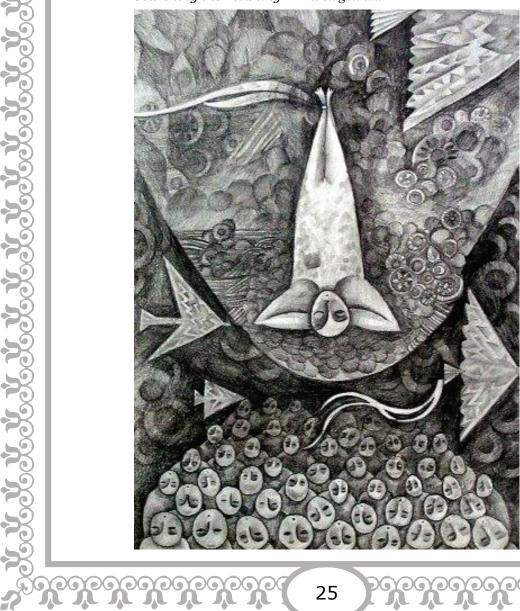
dúniyanîñ ğismaniyet kenarînda bosagasînda otîrîp beklermen

kólgelí túz ya burumlî sîzîklar man sokîr Jaganatnîñ ğúrúşún taklit etmege

eger bírew kór-almasa alaynîñ sógísín we mahalle karañgîlîgîn

boga şayirler kabaátlí tutulmaz: boşlîk man kaswet o kadar kóp ke kózge almadan bolmaz

Searching the meaning - Mana ğolînda



Body: a Bliss

"To see you naked is to recall the Earth" says Garcia Lorca

it's no sin to love strip naked in bed, kitchen or prayer room

the bodies don't shine all the time nor passion wildly overflows

but when we have time we must remember parts arouse dead flesh

rub raw with desire peeling wet layers through light sound, senses and taste

play the seasons: the thirst is ever new and blissful too

to recreate the body, a temple and a prayer

On Her Birthday

I want the best of life for you but you too must understand what I can't do

you must be patient and do what you can—
I can't create the fruits

I may create space for you to stand but I can't become the legs

you must run the race on your own and be what you dream

the redness of mars and the whiteness of moon merge in you

Kewde múbareklíktír

"Sení şîpalak kórmek Ğerkúrení akîlîma akelmektír" dep aytar Garsiya Lorka

şîr-şîpalak ğatakta, aşkanada ya da ibadet odasînda súymek gúna tuwul

kewde herwakît ğîltîramaz hewes te delíğe taşîmaz

ama wakît tapkanda parşalarîmîznî unutmamalîmîz ólgen etni uyandîrîp

ğalañnî ístek men okşalamalî arşîp kaytîk tabakalarnî ğarîk, ses, tuygî we tat man

mewsím oyînî oynap: suwsuzluk her zaman hem ğañî hem múbarektír

kewdení, tapînaknî, ibadetní ğañîdan yaratmak úşún

Onîñ tuwum kúnúnde

Men saga hayatîñ eñ yakşîsîn istermen lákin yapa-almaganlarîmnî sen de añlamalîsîñ

sabîrlî bolîp kayretlenmelísíñ, men ğemíş yarata-almam

seníñ ayakta turmañ úşún boşlîk yaratîrman ama ayagîñ bola-almam

ozîşnî kazanmak úşún ózíñ ğuwurup túşúñdekísíndiy ózíñ bolmalîsîñ

merihniñ kîzîlî man aynîñ aklîgî seniñ işinde birleşir you have worlds to conquer and miles to go, my dear

you must rear the goose and have the gold each day

ğeñeğek ğihanîñ bar, ğúreğek ğolîñ bar, ğanîm

hergún kaznî itep astîndakî altînnî ğîymalîsîñ

I Can't Hide Fears

I couldn't make my bedroom church reading psalms and Lord's prayers

the light of my lamp and the potion of my cup couldn't

lift my soul mired in passions and silence of the morning

the confessions couldn't remove my anguish of ages

nor the tears and cries strengthen faith hope and love – the rock

slips the grip for enemies within don't halt my body

glues to the ground seeking darkness of the womb and joys

ever restless the child doesn't grow and the father fails

in verses I can't hide fears my face I despise, can't find

freedom from the chemicals sprayed in the air and the smog

oppressing my breath, the sun fails to keep the covenant

the terrors of death are real the traps overwhelm, I can't

escape my own creations the bed, the flesh, and serpents

that seize the house of God I can't redeem, can't save

Korkîlarîmnî saklayalmam

Tañrîga sureler-niyazlar okîmaga işkerimden kilse yap-almadîm

lámbamnîñ ğarîgî man finğanîmnîñ şerbetí

saba sessízlígínde heweske batîp kalgan tînîmnî yúkselt-almadîlar

ne íşímní aşîp yaş ağîlarîmdan kurtuldum

ne de ğîlap, kózyaşî tógíp inanşîm, umutum, súygúm úşún kuwat taptîm THE WAY OF
kaya sîptîrîlîp keter ke íşimdeki ğawlar toktamaz

kunak man umay karañgîlîgîn karap kewdem ğerge ğabîşîr

ebediy raátsízlík şekken balasî ósmez atasî da tízme uydurup kún kaybetír

men tízmelerímde korkîlarîmnî saklay-almam yúzúmní de şeg-almam

hawaga pîşkîrtîlgan kimiya maddelerden we kirli tumandan kurtulmam

solîşîmnî bastîrîp kúneş bergen sózín tut-almay

ólím korkîsî uşundur kabawlar buwuwğî

yapkanlarîmdan kaşa-almam tóşek, etler, hem ğîlanlar

kím Allah'nîñ úyún basar ğulmasîn ódep kurtara-almam

the soul in battle with me in bed I can't sing and praise

ózím men sogîşkan ğanîmnî tóşekte duwa okîp seğde yapîlmaz

Echoes Haunt

Sleepy roads with or without light tear the sky

I watch the murmur in the misty darkness Tao of midnight

tranquil emptiness: breathing deceptive cold the echoes haunt

LEAST OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

Kaytawazlar ğoklap turar

Yukulî ğollar ğarîklî-ğarîksîz kókyúzún ğîrtîp parşalar

şîrîldamanî siyir etermen keşeyarîsî Tawo'sî tumanlî karañgîda

sessíz boşlîk: kandîruwğî suwuk solîşlî kaytawazlar ğoklap turar

Echoes Haunt - Kaytawazlar ğoklap turar



Quakes in Elements

She trusts her reading of my horoscope and predicts a comfortable future

even as I know my toothache now means the fall of my teeth and anal bleeding means sure surgery

my dying libido is as uncomfortable as the dream of humans sleeping on the ceiling:

their flattened naked back amuses me who knows who'll fall first?

before I wake up I try to gauge the selvage of restless lines, moon, saturn and venus conspiring new challenges for the quakes in my elements

it's already mid-November and the bouts of bronchial allergy tell of the cycle of incarceration: her moving lips are no soporific

Invitation

While we were talking about love, marriage, and migraine she kept fiddling with

her reticule—opening putting her pen in and out and shutting again

Rainbow

They colour their hair paint the face to look younger and speak aged lies to match rainbow life but stare into the sky to find which colour follows which before melding into one they wonder what to do with beige and indigo shades that stick their vision

Elkelerde zelzeleler

O mením yîldîz falîma inanîp keleğegim raát bolağagîn ğorar

kaberlí bolsam da ke tîşîmnîñ awuruwî túşeğegí demektír koñk kanamalarîm ameliyat demektír

óliyatîrgan ğinsiy meragîm meni raátsiz eter tawanda yuklagan insanlarîñ túşi gibi:

basîlgan arkalarî hoşîma kete sipti kim tûşeğegin kim bilir?

uyanmadan ewel sîzîk, yîldîz, şolpannîñ raátsíz tereklígín ólşiyğek bolaman kím arttan íş kóríp ğol aşar elkelerímdekí zelzelelerge

tap kasîm ayîñ ortasîndamîz bîronşit tutmalarî da mápís deweranîn añlatîr: onîñ oynagan eríní yuklatuwğî tuwul

Şakîruw

sewda, úylenúw, we başawurmasîn sóz etíp añlatayatîrganda o oynap tura edí,

de şantasî aşîp işine kalemin salîp de birtaa şîgarîp kapatîp

Kókkuşagî

Olar ğaş kórinmek úşún şáşine-yúzúne boya ğagarlar hem kókkuşagîñ hayatîna yakîştîrmak úşún kadmiy yalan aytarlar amma biri-birine batîp birleşkenşik renkleriñ sîralamasîn kóreğek bolîp kókke karap kózin aşarlar kózine ğabîşîp turgan sútli kawe men şewet renkperdesin ka-teğegine de túşûnûp kalîrlar

II. Tanka - Tankalar

1.

Awake in dream time he looks for the candle love's invitation lighting up in the dark and sings the body's song Mayşîrak karar túşlerinden ayînîp aşk şakîruwî karañgîlîkka ziya kewde şarkîsîn okîp

Watching the waves with him she makes an angle in contemplation: green weed and white foam break on the beach with falling mood O man barabar dalgalarnî siyir etip kóşe aylanîr: yeşil ot man ak kópik kumda kaswet kestirip

3.

2.

Awaiting the wave that will wash away empty hours and endless longing in the dead silence at sea I pull down chunks of sky 3.

2.

Boş sáátlerní ğuwup alağak dalganî beklep soñsîz sagînuw ólí sessízlík íşínde deñíz boyînda kókyúzúnden parşalar aşaga tartaman

4.

Unknowable the soul's pursuit hidden by its own works: the spirit's thirst, the strife the restless silence, too much 4.

Bílíne-almaz óz şalîşmalarî saklasa ruhuñ niyetí: ruh suwsuzlugî, şegíşmesí, raátsíz sessízlígí fazla kelír



After a tiff lying under the same blanket two of us stare the peeping moon and turn with glee to each other

6.

I hate fakery and phony academics out to win spurs through lies and lowness at the helm bully and yet complain

7.

Plodding away at season's conspiracies life has proved untrue with God an empty word and prayers helpless cries

8.

The mirror swallowed my footprints on the shore I couldn't blame the waves the geese kept flying over the head the shadows kept moving afar

9.

Little candles fail to illumine the deity or golden dome in the valley darkness reigns and god too awaits light

2 Vedest Vedest

5.

Idalaşkan soñ Konîlganîñ astîndan Kararmîz ayga Soñra kunak íşínde Aylanîrmîz yúz-yúzge

6.

Uyduruw şekmem yalanğî alim şekmem ke idare eter alşaklîk man, yalan man hem kawgağî, hem dawağî

7.

Abînîp ğúrúp mewsím fesatlarîna, Tañrî sózí boş, duwalar yokka ğîlaw, yaşam yalanğî şîktî

8.

Ayna ğutawuydî kumluktakî izimni dalga gúnasîz yokarda kazlar uşup tura kólgeler uzakka kóşip tura

9.

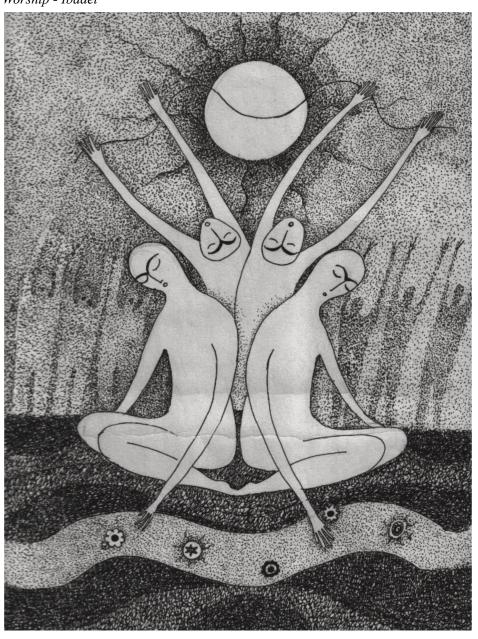
Ne tañrîga ne de altîn kubbege ğarîk atar kişkene şamlar şayîrda karañgî húkúmdar tañrî da ziya bekler

On the prayer mat the hands raised in vajrasan couldn't contact God the prayer was too long and the winter night still longer 10.

Abînîp ğúrúp mewsím fesatlarîna, Tañrî sózí boş, duwalar yokka ğîlaw, yaşam yalanğî şîktî

Worship - Ibadet

z v v v v v v v v v v v



become de la virgina de la companya
I wish I could live nature's rhythm free from bondage of clock-time rituals of work and sleep expanding haiku present 11.

Tuwa vezinín haykuwnî keñiytíp, sáát kólelígíñ, şalîşîp yuklamaknîñ tîşînda yaşar edím.

12.

Unable to see beyond the nose he says he meditates and sees visions of Buddha weeping for us 12.

Murnuñ uşundan taa uzak kóre-almaz deren túşúnúp Bízím úşún ǧîlagan Budanî kórermen der

13.

I can't know her from the body, skin or curve: the perfume cheats like the sacred hymns chanted in hope, and there's no answer 13.

Onî añlamam tírsek, ten, kewdesínden. Kokî aldatîr umut bergen kaside gibí, ğewap ta yoktîr. THE WINTERSON OF THE WI

14.

Waiting for the remains of the sacrifice vultures on the temple tree stink with humans and goddess on the river's bank 14.

Búrkútler bekler tapînak tereginde kurban parşasî insanga tañrîşaga tolîp sasîr ğîlga ğagasî

15.

The lane to temple through foul drain, dust and mud: black back of Saturn in a locked enclosure a harassed devotee

z w w w w w w w

15.

Tapînakka ízlek kírlí balşîktan, tozdan, şamîrdan: kírtlí bír odada Saturnnîñ kara arkasî tağiz etílgen bír dindar

Unable to clean the cobweb of years he eats the Passover meal but forgets to wash the feet: now drinks Good Friday prayers 16.

Yîllarîñ ğîlîmîn temízliy-almadan aşar Pesah yemegin amma ayagîn ğuwmaga unutar: şúndí Kutlî Ğuma ibadetlerin işer

17.

From head to feet shrouded in habiliment of burqah a slogan-shouting Indian in God's abode in Kaba 17.

Baştan ayakkaşîk tígişsiz ak peştimalga oralîp duwa okîgan bir Hint Kábe'de Alla'nîñ ğurtunda

18.

Naked children crowd as I pass through the alleys between smelly slums: dogs bark to alert them to the presence of a stranger 18.

Şîpalak ballar kokîgan şalaş mallesinden geşkenimde kalabalîklaşîr: yabanğî barîn bildirip itler úrep sokaknî ayakka tursata

19.

The mind creates withdrawn to its own pleasures a green thought behind the banyan tree behind the flickering lust 19.

Akîl yaratîr óz zewukuñ tartîlmasîna yeşíl bír túşúnğe inğír teregíñ artînda tuyum hewesíñ artînda

20.

Age seems to stop for a while in sex act a running horse erect and heavenly white as a lightning 20.

Ğinisiy faaliyette yaş toktaganday bola şabîşuwda at tím-tík mewlayiy múlk bir ğîltîrîmday biyaz

|--|--|

Striving hard to feel the image of spring again the whole body blooms love gently and silently revives the final flame

22.

Shaped like a bird a drop of water lands on her breast: my breath jumps to kiss it before her pelvic flick

23.

Waving arms of trees conspire with overcast day to drench again the two of us look for shade under leaking umbrella

24.

A mist covers the valley of her body leaves memories like the shiver of cherry in dreamy January

25.

On the wall the window grill's shadow: midnight pain overwhelming touches indifferent after-taste

ZUNTUN

21.

Şabalanîp baární bírtaa kórmege kewde şeşek aşîp sewda yawaş hem sessíz soñ álewní ğanlandîra

22.

Kuş şekílínde bir suw tanesí tama kókíregíne: solîşîm onî ópmege atlay şanaklîgî úrkmegenşík

23.

Terek kolî sallap sîrdaşîrmîz bulutlî kún men birtaa suwlanmaga ekewmiz de kólge karap akkan şemsiye astînda 24.

Bír tuman ğabîp onîñ kewde şayîrîn tezkire taşlar kiraz úkmesí gibí túşlí oşak ayînda

25.

Duwarda pencíreníñ parmaklîgîñ kólgesí: yarîkeşe ağîsî buwuwğî okşawlar súrgen meraksîz tatlar

			n.		
	4	No the the treate the treate the treate the treate the treate		- 4	40
			1	- 6	Р.
-	\ -			$\neg J_k$	м
à.	Υı		6 6 Y	96	_
	<i>N</i> .		V_V	-)	
<	ζ -			\sim	
ı İ	1		_ (a)	
۲.	"			-4	
Κ			- >	=	_

Each night peace is taken away by my father's shrieks and our useless effort to calm down frayed worries 26.

Her keşe sessízlíkke soñ berer babamîñ sesí men kaárlí ókírúwlerín toktataalmagan boş şabalarîmîz

27.

Professors beware intellectual success lies in inventing lies to conceal common truths and sound holier-than-thou 27.

Muwallím sak bol múnevver başaruwlar hakknî ğaşîrgan yalan yaratmaktadîr hem ústún kelgen bír ses men

28.

Not much fun cold night, asthmatic cough and lonely Christmas: no quiet place within no fresh start for the New Year 28.

Kurî başîna suwukta óksírúwler eglenğesíz Noel ne raátlík, ne sessízlík, ne yîl başîna tazelík

29.

No cakes or cookies to celebrate my birthday this New Year eve lunar eclipse and blue moon cheer the cup in foggy chill 29.

Ne tatlî, ne pişkot Ğañî Yîl arifesinde tuwum kúnúmde ay tutulmasî, tuman, suwukta kade togîştîrmak

30.

Nothing new in tomorrow's sun: year's last day too passes off like each day nothing is amazing 30.

Ğañî birşiy yok yarînnîñ kúneşinde: yîlîñ soñ kúni de hergún gibisi geşer sîratîşî birşiy yok

31.

I'm no river flowing toward the sea: I must find my way asking strangers in strange places sensing soul, using insight

z z

31.

Tuwulman ğîlga deñízge dogrî agayîm: tabarman ğolnî sorap yabanğîlîktan seslep íşímní



III. Haiku - Haykuwlar

crowded streets moving among the years wretched faces yîllarnî gezgen kalabalîk sokaklar kadersíz yúzler

a sleeping snake curled between the eggs layers of leaves yukîda ğîlan ğîmîrta arasînda katlangan yaprak

a yellow spider crouching in a corner invisible webs sarî órímğek kóşede tomalangan kórínmez ğîlîm

lying listless on withered creeper a golden bird ğatîp otîrgan solgan sarmaşîklarda altînday bir kuş

a lone sparrow atop the naked branch viewing sunset ğañgîz bir torgay şîpalak kalgan dalda batîşka karap

a frog bullied into the hedge: snake's breakfast bír baka şalîlîkta tagîlgan ğîlan sîprasî

on the road an injured toad onlookers ğol ortasînda bir ğaralî kurbaka temaşağîlar

parents pelt stones at the mating street dogs nosey children taş atkan insanlar şíptleşken sokak itínemeraklî ballar

potholes: spots of sunshine wobble şukurlar kúneşíñ tamgalarî abînmalar

sudden downpour noisy trucks at midnight crowded footbridge boratkan ğawun yarîkeşede kamiyon kalabalîk kópir

sipping coffee at a wayside stall cockroaches too kawe ğutumlap ğol kenarînda túkáanda bóğek te bar

watching dogs frolicking in the park jaded couples oynaşîp turgan bekşilik itler parkta yorgîn koşaklar

dusky backyard crowded parrots' shrieks autumn onset kólgelí bakşa kalabalîk dudukuş sesí kúznúñ başînda

a teenager glides past me on roller blades her long hair flows ğiwan kîz geşe tegerşik kîzagî man şáşin ğelpildep

a toddler trying to stand up by the pram young mother watches paytonda bala ayakka turağak bola anasî karay

a girl between the railway tracks swings her pony tail

2 de de de de de de de de

bír kîz temír ğolîñ ortasînda tulum şáşín sallay

june heat wave: two long shadows whisper in bush ekí uzun kólge haziran sîğaklîgînda şalîda pîşîlday

from behind the grill bows to the setting sun a man in wheel chair parmaklîk artîndan batkan kúneşke ğúgúngen akay tegerşíklí ískembede

december dusk firy cleavage on roadside breathless coalfield

aralîk akşamî ateşlí ğol kenarî tînîk kómírlík

blue black fumes swirl around his head floating hand

mawî-kara tuman burum-burum başînda sallangan bir kol

wheezing his way to shiva's hilly abode a young miner kuruldap míner şiva'nîñ bayîr úyúne ğaş bír madenğí

smoggy mist filling each collier's house with yama's call kara tumanlar her madenğí úyún totîrar yama şakîruwî man

open cast mining burning coal on the roadside dying vultures

aşîk madenler ğol kenarînda ateşler ólgen búrkútler

the wind hushed a collier died in the cage yawaş esken ğel bir madenği ólgen kafesinde

tired pitman carrying coal on bike only meal yorgîn kómírğí biçiklet men kómír taşîgantek ótmek

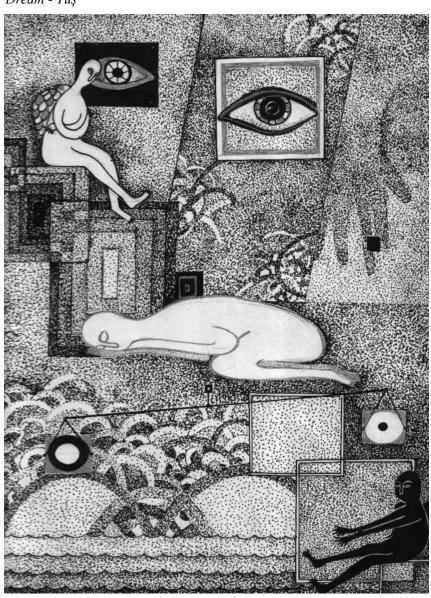
driving with burning eyes-abandoned mine

aydamak ateşli kîzargan kóz menterk etilgen maden

reechy morning driving on express way old empty dreams tumanlî saba ana ğolda aydamak eskí boş túşler

midnight darkness wrapped in loneliness dreamy escape yarîkeşe şumî ğañgîzlîkka orawlî túş gibí kaşîş

Dream - Túş



become de la viral

morning's threshold one more glimpse from moving car vanishing roses saba sîndîrmasî ğónegende soñ nazarkaybbolgan gúller

a fading rose lies with weeds between stones—valentine day solgan bír gúl ot arasînda taşlîkta yáreler kúní

on her back writes with hair a light poem weight of love onîñ sîrtînda şáşí ğeñgíl şiir yazarsúygí awurlîgî

making love hands clasped and head hung prayer in bed súyúşúw elleşken kol, sargaygan baş tóşek ibadetí

wet in sweat from her under arms perfume terlí we îslak onîñ koltîkastîndan múst kokîsîndan

she recognizes the difference in my breath: drink in her absence o añlar solîşîmdakî farknî: yokta íşmelímen

the morning dews touch the hem of her skirt: flight of first love saba şiyi tetk kayuwuna tiyer: sipti aşk uşuşî

where has the moon gone? I saw it two nights ago uncertain grace

ay kayda kettí? ekí keşe ewel kórdím túrlengen letafet

half-eaten fallen under the tree the last mango

yarsî aşalîp terek astîna túşken soñ mango

moonlight wrapped in cloudy sheet—nudity

ay ğarîgî bulut şarşabîna sarîlganşîpalaklîk

shadowy hope and disappearing hair— 63rd summer kólgelí umut şáşíñ túşúp ğok bolmasî altmîşúşnúñ ğazî

drifting in the night's silence moon's shadow

maksatsîz gezúw keşe sessízlígínde ay kólekesí

alone in the sky the sun standing still friday doomed ğañgîz kókyúzúnde kîymîldamagan kúneş ğezalî ğuma

patches of shade under a bare tree wintry sun kólge ğamawî yapraksîz teregiñ astînda kîş kúneşi fingers feel decaying fireflies in night lights parmaklar sezer şúrúgen ateşbóğeklerí keşe ğarîgînda

full moon eclipse everything dark, unknown yet filled with light

ay tutulmasî herşiy karañgî, tanîlmaz ama ğarîklî

incense sticks smoke before the paper goddess one more new year

káát tañrîşaga kokîlî şîbîk tumanîbír ğañî yîl taa

mosque's dome lower than mobile towers weaker god's signal

ZUUNUUNUUNU

ğamî kubbesi menkul kuleden alşak inanş zayîflîgî

on loudspeaker prayers disturb the night's silence megafonlarda keşe sessizligin bîzgan niyaz-ibadetler

drifting between my eyes and the moon floaters

ğolîn kaybetken kózím men aynîñ arasînda tayyarlar

itchy rheum runny nose all day monsoon kîşîgan ğelim bútún-gún akkan murnum ğawun mewsimi

half-hidden sun calls clouds to thicken: chanting mantra yarî-saklî kúneş bulut kalînlaştîruwğî: mantîra okîwî

a drop embedded in the half-opened bud winter morning kómúwlí tamla yarî aşîlgan tomîrşîkta kîş sabasî

from the peepal swirling rain drops palms open ínğír terekten burumlî tamîzdîrma aşîk awuşlar

not alone in midnight misery easter season

yañgîzlîksîz yarîkeşe sefaletindepaskaliyeler

unexpected guests a hell of formality: third day of Ramzan

beklenmez sápír Ramazanîñ úşúnğí kúní tabiyat kayidesí

icy fish laced with blood spices smell

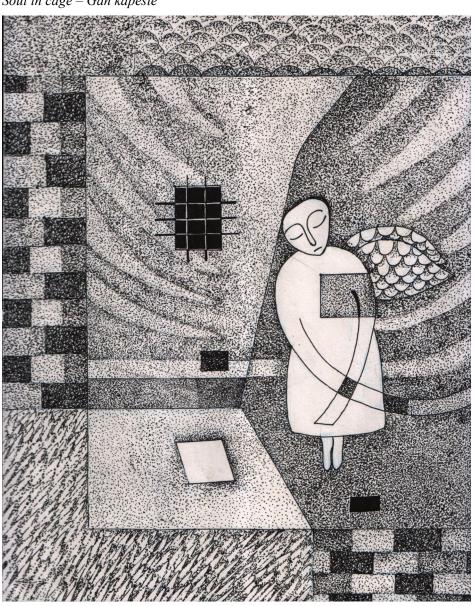
buzlî balîk kan man súslí-oyalî edviyyat kokîsî

Arab spring tending death and roses a short bloom Arap baáríólím-gúlge ğónelúw kîska şeşekleme

locked in a cave the goddess in dim light

kuwuşta kírtlí yarîkarañgîlîkta tanrîşa THE WENT OF THE WE

Soul in cage – Ğan kapeste



wiping his face under the umbrella an old man with books kart yúzún síler şemsiyesí astînda kitapşî akay

watching his slide from the sixth floor god in vain

altînğî kattan resimlerin siyiretmektañrî boşîna

evening sky a pale moon behind listless trees akşam kókyúzí meraksîz teregíñ artînda solîp kalgan ay

lonely sunrise a butterfly flutters round a dead marigold ğañgîz perdahlezkanat wurgan gómelek solîk sefaşeşek

tattooed butterfly jumping over marigold bare shoulders tamgalî gómelek sefaşeşegine atlapaşîk omîzlar

seeking refuge on the wings of wind scattered petals

talda karamak ğelniñ kanatlarînda ğayrî yapraklar

locked between my bed and quilt december chill

kîsîlîp kaluw tóşek-yorkan arasînda aralîk suwugî

the morning sun fondling with tender fingers the red roses

saba kúneşí ğîmşak parmagî okşar kîrmîzî gúlní

awake whole night no angel cares to watch frosty morning

<u>VYVVVV</u>

keşe kóz ğummadîm melekler dert etmedí bo saba ayaz

returning home to the swaying branches: new year's wild rain úyge kaytuw şalkalangan dallarga: ğañî yîl ğawunî

end of festival: I stop by her haiku on twitter.com

ğîyînîñ soñî: haykuwsunda toktayman twitter awunda.

cyclonic rain mating with the rising waves deserted beach burumlî ğawun şiptlenir yúkselgen dalgalar man bom-boş kumluklar

hunger haunts a pavement dweller christmas again aşlîk awlar sokakta yaşagan bir úysúzninoel zamanî

living life's routine cycled in infinite loop feel so limited

hayatîñ hergúnlúk soñsîz burumunda aylanîp tarsiganday bolaman non-stop rain confining me to facebook depression pítmegen ğawun mení facebook'ka kapatîp ğanîmdan buktum

tastes the rose a blue butterfly nimble feet

gúl tadîn alîr mawî bír gómeleksekírşek ayaklar

in the shade talking haiku to a schmo karaltîlarda haykuwdan sóz etúw bír ğahil men

between the lips shadow of her tea: lingering taste

QUE CONTRACTOR

erín arasînda onîñ şayîñ kólgesí: kaluwğî tad

love takes to animal of the body: living again súyúşúw aketer kewde wahşiylígíne: bírtaa yaşamak

fresh flowers before paper deities: navratri

taze şeşekler káát tañrîlarîñ aldînda: Nawaratriy bayramî

steering wheels talk in the middle of the road a curved silhouette

ğol ortasînda túmenní sóz etíp añlatmak kewde karartîsî

smelly sweat in the exam hall two girls talk ter kokîsî imtan aralîgînda ekí kîz añlata

stars twinkling the beetle's path from manure yîldîz balkîşî bóğekleríñ ğolînda tezíklíkten

unashamed my son sits tight over his trousers smiling mother sîgîlmadan ulum pantolanîn beklep turar ana kúlúmsúrer

receding crowd from the street fairjesus in the eyes

kalabalîklar tartîlîr sokak pazarîndan kózlerinde isa

going alone an empty shadow in the mall boş bír kólge ózí-başîna gezíp dolaşîr aralîklarnî

from the ruins rises a mute flame: heaven's song

ğîgîntîlardan sakaw bir alew yúkselir: ğennet şarkîsî

short lived the sun in the smoggy morning: birthday visit

az yaşagan kúneş tumanlî sabada. tuwum kúní ziyaretí

bamboo grove-hearing whispers of liquid dream ğeken korîsî seslep şíngen túşleríñ şîbîrdamalarîn

hidden between the sheets my smothered senses-salted honey

saypalar arasînda saklî buwulgan tuygîlarîm, tuzlî bal 

become the victorial

Acknowledgements

The poet and the publisher are grateful to the editors of the following journals and ezines that carried some of the poems, tanka and haiku presented here:

The World Poets Quarterly (P.R. China), Chairman Poetics (R.O.China), Sarasvati (UK), Ko (Japan), Magnapoets (Canada), Prophetic Voices (USA), Time Haiku (UK), Lynx (USA), Mainichi Daily News (Japan), Poetcrit (India), Poetry World (India), Syndic Literary Journal (USA), Research (India), Cyber Literature (India), Voice of Kolkata (India), Bridge-in-Making (Kolkata), Nazar Look (Romania), asahi haiku network (Japan), Akita International Haiku Network (Japan), Modern English Tanka (USA), The Tanka Journal (Japan), Create4U(The Netherlands), Micropress NZ (New Zealand), Micropress Yates (Australia), Still (London), The Moon Light of Corea (South Korea), Three Line Poetry (USA), The Indian Journal of English Studies (India), and World Haiku Review.

Some poems have also appeared in the following anthologies and collections:

Busy Bee Book of Contemporary Indian English Poetry (eds. P.Raja and Rita Nath Keshari). Pondicherry: Busy Bee Books, 2007;

The Art of Haiku: 2000 (ed. Gerald English). Cheshire: New Hope International, 2000;

Fire Pearls 2 (ed. M. Kei). Maryland: Keibooks, 2013;

Create4U: In the Beginning, Vol.I (ed. Geert Sterenborg). Omnibooks.org, 2009;

Contemporary Poets (ed. M.S. Venkata Ramaiah). Bangalore: Bizz Buzz, 2012;

The Dance of the Peacock:Anthology of English Poetry from India (ed. Vivekanand Jha). Canada: Hidden Brook Press, 2013;

Poetry World: Annual Anthology (ed. S. Krishnan). Chennai: Poets Press India, 2013;

Metric Conversions: Poetry of Our Time (comp. and translated into Crimean Tatar by Taner Murat). Iasi: Editura StudIS, 2013;

Sense and Silence: Collected Poems (R.K. Singh). Jaipur: Yking Books, 2010;

Sexless Solitude and Other Poems (R.K. Singh). Bareilly: Prakash Book Depot, 2009; and

New and Selected Poems Tanka and Haiku (Ram Krishna Singh). New Delhi: Authors Press, 2012.

Contents - Íşíndekíler

Preface Aldsóz	7 8										
I. Selected Poems - Saylangan manzumeler											
Merkaba - Merkebe	11 11										
New Year - Ğañî yîl											
Nude Delight - Şîpalak zewuk Stranger - Yabanğî Avalanche - Kar awmasî Gleam of Light - Ğîltîrîm Dying Sun - Ólgen kúneş Shadow - Kólge											
					Poetic Disturbance - Şiir raátsízlígí	14					
					Return to Wholeness - Pítínlíkke kayt Who Cares? - Kím dert etsín? I Am No Jesus - Men Isa tuwulman						
										It Doesn't Rain - Ğawmaz	18
										Valley of Self - Óz-ózímníñ şayırında	18
					Allergies - Alerğiyalar	20					
None Talk - Lapîn etmezler	20 20										
I Can Live - Yaşarman Heresy - Yalanğîlîk Clay Dreams - Balşîk túşler Solitude - Ğañgîzlîk Waiting - Beklew Sangam - Sangam											
				Indifference? - Baş awurtmamak? I Too Descend - Men de túşermen							
									From the Window - Penğíreden	24	
				Eyeless Jagannath - Sokîr Jaganat	24 26						
				Body: a Bliss - Kewde múbareklíktír	26						
				On Her Birthday - Onîñ tuwum kúnúnde							
I Can't Hide Fears - Korkîlarîmnî saklay-almam											
Echoes Haunt - Kaytawazlar ğoklap turar Quakes in Elements - Elkelerde zelzeleler											
Invitation - Şakîruw											
Rainbow - Kókkuşagî	29 29										
II. Tanka – Tankalar	30										
III. Haiku – Haykuwlar	38										
Acknowledgements	50										